The Ship That Never Came Home.

who died in the service of the nation, and we have put the Maine's men with the Lawrence's, with Perry on Lake Erio. What is more, we have regained faith in ourselves as a nation; politics and strong. It has been a lesson showing the world that in a period of stress existed. Now there was a man of the Maine of whom there's a story. Some stories are ture, sithough they may be called stories.

I, John Dene, scaman, United States mayy, was a hero when he was in his native town. It is a little town, with a long street, among the Southern New York hills, Dene would return on his street, and a second return on his infrequent leaves, and people would

point him out:
"That's Jack Dene." they would say, awed by the mystery of over the seas that lay in his swinging gait—the sail-

or's broad lounge.

Dene would sit on a sugar barrel in Dene would sit on a sugar barrer in the grocery where the gossips consregated, and whittled and talked of Neir neighbors' affairs as they do in small communities, and would spin the most wonderful yarns that ever were heard, of far-away mysterious countries, of far-away mysterious countries, of ports of pig-tailed Chinamen, of sunny beaches in far south seas, of what beaches in far south seas, of what Lieutenant M. or Ensign F. was like, of things he had done or seen. Perhaps he was inclined to exaggerate what he had done; that was but his human na-ture; he had done a deal, or he had done a little. You would think—and there a little. You would think—and there were those, on other boxes about that rural club, who believed him—you would think that the whole management of the good ship had been his. Those others, who had attended the village school with him, were quite awed by him. He brought to them, whose lives and experiences were lined by the New York hills, the breath of the greater, world, of strange adventure and roer world, of strange adventure and ro-mance. As for the policy of the gov-ernment, they discussed that, too. They talked of Hawaii in an exhaustive way

ernment, they discussed that, too. They talked of Hawaii in an exhaustive way that would have astonished a congressman, who might have put this presence into that country grocery if he had felt the need of votes; and as for the Spaniards, and what was going on in Cuba. Dene had but opinion.

"Those dagos!" he expressed it.

Now the antagonism of Anglo-Saxon and Latin Spaniard is an old matter, dating before the Armada, and intensified by the contest of the two races for ascendency in the western hemisphere. The two great peoples fought, and went to diplomacy, with all its intricate associations. Oh, well, you know that old story. You know how one of the greatest empires since Rome's dwindled untill only two West Indian islands were left, and now if an American or English the two particular aversion, it's for til only two West Indian islands were left; and now if an American or English sallor has a particular aversion, it's for your Spaniard. Perhaps they hate us quite as devoutly—the rank and file of the people. The impertinence of these Americans to encourage, if not officially, at least with their papers—and their fillbusters—this Cuba which is ours by right of Chritopher Columbus!

Dene, on his sugar barrel, would talk this over. He was quite confident that we could blow them, if not off the earth, at least off Cuba.

So you must picture our sailor villager returned with quite the air of a

So you must picture our sailor vil-lager returned with quite the air of a man of the world. For all the time of his duties—when he was part of that great machine called the American navy—when he had no mind save to obey or-ders—he had now, on these brief periods of leave, the rare privileges of posing as your man of the world—as the village conceived a man of the world; of being a bit of a boaster. He was Jack come home again. home again.

Now, up the long street was a little

house with twenty acres about it, where lived a good woman with no pride in the world greater than this same Jack Dene. When he was away, she worried about When he was away, she worried about him. Every night she would kneel by a white bed and pray for him and think of him, and perhaps cry over him, as mothers will. Mothers bring us nearer to God; if all the world turns on us they stand out for us; they forgive and fear for us as Jesus of Nazareth forgave and feared for us.

John Dene in the company of this little faded woman was as modest as he

tle faded woman was as modest as he would have been if an officer had sud-denly passed. But there was a girl. It's good for a

man when there's one particular girl. He was rather boastful in her presence. It's nature's flat that all creatures—including man—should strut a bit before the female that has taken the heart. Sellle had taken John Dene's, surely enough; it dated from the time when he had been boy and she tomboy together. To Sallie, Dene (this is an old, very simple story) posed the hero—until—ah, you know that until!

And then he was as modest as ever you please. It's nature's flat that all creatures-

As a reaction from this modesty he ture. would return to the grocery and pose again. As for Sallie, he really had no need of posing before her; he was hero ism and perfection itself for her. Home tugs and pulls at our hearts

Home tugs and pulls at our hearts, wherever we may be. A man who hasn't the home-feeling is at best a poor creature. Far over the seas Dene would think of two persons, Mrs. Dene and Sallie. The coterie at the grocery referred to him, on their part, as a man who had gone into the mysterious, great world again.

As for this leave, it came to an end. crossing the other and passing over

THE ONLY REASON.



Jones-Saw a messenger boy running to-day. Philosopher—Case of life and death? Jones-No. Dinner.

We have mourned over those sailors | Dene reported, and was assigned to the Maine.

His greatness faded; he went through his routine, obeying orders, doing his work, a unit in the American navy.

II. and quibbling and the dollar have been who was Dene's closest friend on the forgotion, and we have stood out loyal Maine. He had been a person of some considerable property and social position, who had knocked about a deal, and we have not lost ourselves in hysterics, had ended by squandering both the but instead have been caim and self- money and secial position. Then he enheld. If the men of the Maine died, listed in the service; the regular life had their deaths did national service, and cleared up his moral obliquities, and he showed that old-fashioned patriotism had become a very decent sort of a fellow and a good seaman, certainly,

They were talking one day as the Maine lay in Havana harbor, her great guns fronted towards the old, strange agitated city. Near them lounged a sailor who had advanced the opinion that:

"Suah, we could blow 'em Into the "A Spaniard's a Spaniard," said Da-

vidso "Tricky," said Dene,
"They'll stab you in the back. Now
what if there were a mine right under

"Oh, they dasn't," said Dene.
"I have heard all Havana harbor is
mined. Why shouldn't it be? Now
they hate us badly enough—that's cer-

"Shuah!" said a black sailor. "Well," Davidson, the talkative went on, "I have heard that there are a dozen persons who have keys to this mine— now—""

persons who have keys to this minenow-""

"If one should take a key and send ft
off?" Dene began.
"That's it. "If one should. Supposin',
war was declared.I wish to God it was."

"We'd have to obey orders. That's all
I'm thinking about."

Really, he was thinking of something
else-of symbology. He had received his
mall that day, and there were two letters. One read:

"My Dear Boy-I am in some way so
worried about you. I am afraid. It's a

worried about you. I am afraid. It's a mother's way. Do be careful, and don't

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FRENCH FOULARD GOWN EROM HARPER'S BAZAR.

Foulards continue to be popular, part- the right shoulder to the back, where it

is carried down under the arm to meet

the crossed-over part of the front. The left sleeve is decorated with a double

French embroidered batiste in cream

white is used for the guimpe and sleeves, which is a desirable mode for thin materials. The corsage is a sim-ple full waist, tight-fitting in the back,

and the collar is a straight close band The seven-gored skirt hangs smoothly in front, with full folds behind.

The proper cut of this gown can be obtained only from the cut paper patterns published by Harper's Bazar, where it appears.

Quantity of material for gown—silk, 11 yards; embroidered batiste, 11/2 yards.

ish little letter, but indeed a very mean-

Dene and Davidson were by them ceives now, talking.
"I guess I'd like to get into a fight,"

"Don't think I'd care about it," said

Dene.

"Got a girl?"

The big boy blushed.

"Maybe," he said, after a moment.

"It's better for a man to be married, perhaps." Davidson commented. "Perhaps I shouldn't have been such a blamed fool once upon a time; maybe, too, I'd have been a worse one."

"Maybe," said Dene, and he added: "Do you really believe there is any-thing in that yarn you were spinning about them blowing us up if they wanted to?"

"Why, of course—of course they could

about them blowing us up if they wanted to?"

"Why, of course—of course they could if they wanted to."

"But they'd end by getting most awfully licked," Dene remarked,

"You know what a Spaniard is," Dayldson said, "and what a Jap is, and what an Irishman, and a Frenchman, and an Englishman, and you can say that one will do one thing, and another another, under the same reason following a thing."

"Oh, well, we are safe enough," Deno naid, rather contemptuously of his companion's talk, when he himself believed in the infallibility of his ship and his different and the flag over all.

I the ship was like some great human thing; after you had been on board a week she became personified. She had her heart, her lungs, all her different organs; she felt and breathed. You were part and parcel of her—a bit of her mechanism, of her being—acting your from your immediate superior.

Dane stood looking at the Spanish Ehlp—rather contemptuously, perhaps,

ing one to John Dene.

ly because of their adaptability to

flounces and other touches of decora-

tion which require a soft clinging tex-

A dainty creation of violet and white

foulard is made with the favorite cir-

cular ruffle, which borders the skirt.

and is carried up the front in decreas-



Bell-Everything is so high at the seashore. Nell-Yes, I noticed that, even the bathing suits are.

rink too much the way satlors do when rink too much the way sallors do when hey are on shore. Everybody in town peaks splendidly of you. I see Sally often, too, and she misses you. I never shought her quite good enough for you. You will excuse a mother's saying that. But she is your choice, Jack. But it's all this war with Spain they talk about which worries me. Oh, my darling, do be careful. What could I do without you? I suppose you want to hear some you? I suppose you want to hear som of the village gossip. They say Tom Turner is keeping company with Mary Tucker. Old Judge Willing died yes-Tucker. Old Judge Willing died yesterdny. They say Bert will get the farm
and Jenny the store in town, where the
judge's office was. But I can't write
about these things; I am thinking all
the time of you, my darling."

And what Sallie wrote I need not put

down here. It was probably a very fool-

"Aye, aye, sir," he said, pulling him-self together from his day-dream. III. But though he was a simple, strong, healthy fellow, not given to much imagination, that night he dreamed yes, that knowledge hurt him more strange dream. Perhaps the letters he | than the pain which throbbed and strange dream. Perhaps the letters he had gave Davidson's chatter this effect on him.

He thought he saw a little, dark, swarthy person groping in a dim place, and the man's face terrified him; for it had in it intense hate and purpose; and then the vision cleared, and it showed a room quite distinctly where were

woman's.

a room quite distinctly where were three men, all talking earnestly, one in uniform; and they pointed out of a window, and he saw the white Maine. "It may come any moment," the lit-tle man, whose face Dene had first per-

ceived in the vision, seemed to be saying.
"They want Cuba-these Yankees; they keep us from doing what we wish. Now we should take our measures promptly—the chance that offers."
And then the scene blurred and another opened.

It was a strange place he looked at,

It was a strange place he looked at, and gaunt, horrid, starving, brutish creatures were pushing and struggling over pieces of bread that were thrown them from a window. And some had no bread, and turned away moaning, until death came and took them.

"This is Cuba," thought Dene in his dream; "this is Cuba, and these men in the room have made it so—the men I saw. I am here, we are here, to make these people better; and so the manthe men I saw—hate us."

And again he was looking into the room where the three men were, and

room where the three men were, and they were talking with the same earnestness. "Oh, the pride of Spain! these Yan-

kees help your rebels!"

So Dene understood them in this dream. And they pointed outside to the

dream.And they pointed outside to the Maine.

And again the scene blurred, and cleared a little; this was a dim place, and the man he had seen first was groping, and he could see a long, sinewy hand reached forward to a little button, and—

This last scene—in the heart of his interest in it—too faded, and there was not so much a picture as a general vision.

It seemed as if all the parts of the

It seemed as if all the parts of the ship that he knew so well were talking, and again they were singing a low dirge. It was like a song he remem-

bered at a country funeral, and the parts cried out one to another: He was awake suddenly and looking

And then something happened. The whole ship shook and arose, and he was tossed about. The next thing he knew he was on deck. He heard one say to

"I have to report that the ship was

The officer gave Dene an order that would take him below. 'Aye, aye, sir." mong the southern New York hills.

Dene turned to obey his order. IV. The priest had absolved his commuricant, who closed his eyes with a sigh

of relief and then of pain. A surgeon was leaning over a near-by cot. A man adjoining wondered where he was, and adjoining wondered where he was, and how he came there. A nurse asked him if he would have water, and he smiled and shook his head; and the room dimmed, and he was sitting on a sugar barrel, talking and boasting, and the coterie listened to Jack come home,

but still remembering what Davidson again. Home, and the faded woman by the white bed, and the girl he left be-hind. It was all very plain, and then it faded, and he saw the room again, had said. Why should he think of that? And then a little village among the high New York hills framed itself in his mind—a girl's face and an old

was going below; he was on ils ship; this was nightmare. And yet-his fancies changed to far-away southern New York. If he were only there! If he could see two faces— and the thought hurt him, for he sud-denly knew that he could not see them; yts. that knowledge hurt him more

"I am not on the Maine?"
"I am not on the Maine?"
"No, you are not on the Maine,"
"Why not?"
The other's voice hesitated,
"Why not?"
"God knows," said the Spanish priest

in English, and crossed himself.

Then Dene knew; the talk with Davidson and his dream became clear,
He knew it all—and then the clearness

He knew it all—and then the clearness faded med he was moaning.

Some hours later an officer, quiet and sad and strong, paused by Dene's cot.

"Another! And—it's Dene. I didn't know him. Dene!"

But Dene did not move.

Outside in the harbor the flag of a mighty people was flying over a very little ship.

On the streets and in the cafes of Havana crowds of dark-skinned men

were talking, now loudly, again in whis-

A small, bright-looking newsboy appeared on the boulevard on Saturday afternoon with his arms filled with evening papers, and a board, such as "sandwich" men carry, hung from his neck, on which was printed:

HUSH !

The word "Hush!" was printed in big black letters, and it captured the at-tention of every passerby. The people who live along the boulevard or within shouting distance of it had been annoyed all day and a good part of the night by the yells of extra venders, and this boy's scheme caught on at once. Every man who stopped and read the sign bought a paper just to encourage the silent newsboy, and his rivals, who were shouting themselves hoarse, look-ed as if they were simply awaiting an opportunity to "do him up."—New York Sun.

His Honor's Mistake.

"Aha! another case of wife-beating. I suppose!" said the judge, sternly, when there were brought into the court room a great, raw-boned clant of a bully and a tiny, shy meek-looking little woman of about eighty-nine pounds

weight.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, sir?"
sald the judge, sternly. "A man who
would strike a woman is so low in the scale of human degradation that there are no words in which to express his will be so untrue to his vows as a huswill be so untrue to his vows as a hus-band as to strike his wife is too con-temptible to live. Come, my good wo-man, let me hear your story. Do not be afraid to speak freely. You are under the protection of this court, and no harm shall to you from him."

A bright light came into the tiny wo-man's pale blue eyes, a crimson flush

man's pale blue eyes, a crimson flush came into the wan cheek, and her voice cut the air like a two-edged sword, as she said:

sne said:
"Yer off yer perch, yer Honor. He never licked me! I'd smile to see 'im try it on once. It was me as licked him! That's what I'm here for."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

HE "SASSED" A GENERAL. Disobeyed Rosecrans's Orders and Told

Detroit Free Press: The late General Rosecrans ran up against a Tartar once, but he had the good sense not to let his ruffled dignity cause him to lose his tem-

per. The story, as told by Colonel

James T. Sterling, as is follows: Company A of the Seventh Otio, was formerly the light guards of Cleveland. and was one of the best drilled com panies in the army. It was commanded by Captain Creighton.

The Seventh Ohlo was in West Virginia in 1861, and "Old Rosy" was in command. The supplies for the army were brought up the Kanawha river is boats, which were unloaded by details from the regiment. General Rosecran had ordered that the soldiers on duty must wear their equipment.

Company A went out to unload a boat, and Captain Creighton permitted the men to take off their equipment and their coats as well while engaged in this hand work.

hard work.

When the work had been completed the men and officers sprawled out on the grass for a rest, and then General Rosecrans and some of his staff rode up. Hosecrains and some of his staff rode up. The general looked at the soldiers a minute and then called for the commanding officer. Captain Creighton did not know General Rosecrans, but he rose to his feet.

"Who commands this company?" asked the general

ed the general.
"I do, to the best of my ability," re-

plied the captain. "Don't you know, sir," inquired the

"Don't you know, sir," inquired the general sternly, "that it is against orders to allow the men to remove their equipment when on duty?".

"I have heard some such order," replied Captain Creighton," but the man that issued it never did a day's work in his life. When my men have to work hard I'll see him in the other place before I'll let them swelter with their acfore I'll let them swelter with their ac

"Old Rosy" stared at the cool captair a moment and then rode down toward A soldier approached Captain Creigh-

ton and said:
"Do you know who that is?"
"No, and I don't care."
"That's General Rosecrans, the commander of this department."
"Whew!" ejaculated Captain Creigh-

ton. "Company, fall in."

Without question it was the finest company in the command. When the general and his officers rode back from the boat the company, in full equipment, stood in perfect order and gave him a "present" in such splendid style as to attract his attention. General Rosecrans returned the salute and requested the captain to put his men through the manual. When it was fin-ished the general raised his hat, turned to the captain and said: "It think that a company that can eral and his officers rode back from

"I think that a company that car handle muskets as well as that should be allowed to unload a steamer without anything on, if they want to."

SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE.

The Wire to Hang Clothes on That Caused Broker to Rent the Flat.

Detroit Free Press: "Never mind place to dry your clothes," said Broker, as he and his wife were looking at a flat. "I can fix all thet. You'll have them four stories from the ground where there is air and sunshine, and where burglars have no chance to strip the clothes line. We'll take this flat." "Where's your clothes line?" inquired

Mrs. Broker, as soon as they had moved

"See? What did I tell you? There it "See? What did I tell you? There it is. I always told you I had plenty of ingenuity. An endless wire, my dear. Works on pulleys. One inside the window and one on that telegraph pole in the alley. Pin the clothes on the wire, draw the line as it is filled, and there you are. Simplicity itself, just like all other great inventions. Leave the things out over night whenever you want to." want to.." Mrs. Broker had her first washing

done. The wire worked to a charm; she was delighted, and Broker talked of taking out a patent. It happened to be par-ticularly convenient to leave the washticularly convenient to leave the washing out that night, and it was good to know that thieves could not molest it.

Just as it came dark there was a great shouting and rushing to and fro in the neighborhood. The fire engines came, with a noisy rush, policemen hurried through the flats, and the jarkier yelled like a crazy man. Broker ran to the rear window, and Mrs. Broker was a good second in the race. There was not good second in the race. There was not a stitch on the line. Some of the lighted pieces were fluttering to the ground in flames, and the odor of burning cloth filled the air. "Well, I'll be blowed; hitched it to an electric light wire," was

Bab Either Wav.

Gladys-Don't go, George. Don't leave ne! Don't run the risk of losing your life and leaving me to mourn for you all the rest of my days. How can I endure he anxiety, knowing that you are in

George-There, darling, don't worry It's all right. I'm going into the con

missary department.
Gladys-Oh, George! That's even worse! How can I ever marry a cook?-Chicago News.



Stopping Bullets Preferable to Trying to

Check a Woman's Tongue. Washington Star: "I was down in the nountain region of West Virginia last week," said the returned special agent of the internal revenue department, "and I happened upon one war incident down there where you would suppose people had enough fighting of their own o do without going to foreign countries for it. One morning as I was riding through a lonesome valley I came upon a house at the turn of the hill, and as I passed a, man came out and Joined me, taking the side of the road, as is common oftentimes when there are a rider and walker going in the same direction.

"How far is it to Sam Morgan's?" was the first question I asked.

"Old Sam's or young Sam's?"

"I didn't know there were two.

"Thar wuzn't till two weeks ago, when young Sam got hitched and rented the Mullins farm. It's two miles to the old man's."

"Do I keep right on this way?"

"Yes, foller the crick, I reckon, he said. Then he went on: Thar is likely to be a war, hain't thar?" a house at the turn of the hill, and as I

to be a war, hain't thar?'
"That's what most people think where I come from.'
"'Whar's that, mister?'

"Whar's that, mister?"
"Washington."
"Well, I reckon that's headquarters, an' of they think it thar then thar'll be some fightin." and his face brightened.
"'Are you in favor of war?"
"I never wuz till here lately, and now I'm jist eachin' fer it."
"I suppose the continued cruelty of

"'I suppose the continued cruelty of the Spaniards toward those helpless reconcentrados, added to the loss of the

concentrados, added to the loss of the Maine, is too much for you to bear?'
"Well, no,' he hesitated. "Tain't that I reckon."
"Not that,' I said in surprise.
"'No, stranger,' and he glanced over his shoulder at the house. You see, I've been married to John Pressler's widder fer about six weeks and I've about sou fer about six weeks, and I've about got to the p'int when I've jist got to fight somebody er somethin'. I can't fight the old woman an' I don't want ter fight old woman an' I don't want ter fight any uv my neighbors; but I've got ter fight, an' I'd ruther fight them durn Spanyeards thin anybody else I knows uv. Y'ain't never been married, have yer, mister?'

"I shook my head.
"'Well,' he said, with a long-drawn breath, 'you don't know nutbin' what-

breath, 'you don't know nuthin' what-somever about the feelin's a man has got sometimes. No wonder she was a widder. She'll be another one of this war gets declared off,er I'm no jedge."

As She Saw Him.

There was that in her eyes which told that she thought of him only in superlatives. And his manner indicated that her approval was more in his estithat her approval was more in his esti-mation than the laurels of an Alexan-der. They were walking arm-in-arm un-der the arching trees. It was their last promenade before the lad went into camp for serious duty as a soldier. "You haven't noticed it," he said

proachfully.
"Noticed what?" she inquired rather

"My new uniform."

"Yes; I noticed it."
"But you didn't say anything about

"Do you-do you have to wear it?"
"Of course."
"Wouldn't they let you take some other clothes to wear when you fight?"
"The idea is norsensical. I must say
I thought you would admire this uni-

"I do admire it. It's so fine and makes you look so commanding that I know you'll be the first one all the Spaniards will pick out when they are taking aim!"—Washington Star.

Found it a Success.

"Have you ever tried the plan of cooperative housekeeping?" asked the young woman with the troubled look. "Yes, indeed," answered the folly

young matron,
"Didn't it prove a failure?"
"Not at all; it was a complete suc-

"Really!" exclaimed the young wo-"Really!" exclaimed the young wo-man of the troubled look. "I don't see how it could. I tried it, and it was a miserable flasco. We never got what we wanted to cat, and it seemed as it there was some kind of a squabble in progress all the time. But may be your co-operative system was different."
"Maybe it was," admitted the jolly matten.

matron. "Would you mind telling me what it

"Not at all, You see, I co-operated with me husband. I did the ordering and he paid the bills."—Chicago Post.

Spread of a New Word. A lady went into a Boston book store

to purchase a certain reference book She wanted a copy of an edition having an appendix to it, and said so to the saleslady, who, after looking over the shelves for a moment or two, held up a copy of the book and said to another clerk:

"Say, Mame, have we this here book with an appendicitis to it?"—Harper's

A not Unusual Experience. Washington Post: There was a meet-

ing of a certain women's society a night ing or a certain women's society a night or two ago, and patriotic enchusiasm ran high. The spirit of music awoke in somebody's breast, and that somebody began to sing that most unsingable of national airs, the "Star Spangled Banner." It went bravely along for the first verse, with only a crack or two on the "rocket's red glare." The leading spirit began the second verse. Some of the women sang "tra-la-la-li," and some



A DIFFERENT CUT.

Mamma-Why, dear? Bobby-Mrs. Brown is at the door, and you

said you would cut her the next time you saw her. "dum-dec-dec-dec," but they all came out strong on the refrain, Then then

"Go on," said somebody.

"He leading spirit grew red in the fra.
"How does it begin?" she asked.

Everybody looked at everybody else, and then everybody blushed, for nobody in all the gathering knew any more of "Our regiment lost nearly one-fourd in its first engagement."
"Its first engagement? With what

"The examining surgeons."

What He Held. Yallerby—Yes, sah; we kep' on rali-in' an' raisin', an' in the showndown le held fo' aces. Mokeby—Wha' did yo' hold? Yallerby—Mah breff!

BUNCOED AGAIN.





2-"How lovely. I'll take him home



3-Give him a good bath."



4-"Great Heavens! It was dre

Nellie-When yer gits big will ye buy me one o'dem watches?



NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

Billie-Naw. Dem's oney fourteen carat an' youse is eighteen carat fine, an' don't ye fergit it.